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IRISH POEMS

By

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A FOREWORD

IT will be obvious to even the more casual reader of this volume that the three-score dramatic lyrics between its covers are not the utterance of one particular individual. To the more critical reader it will be equally obvious that the dialect I have made use of is not the dialect of one particular Irish county. The entire volume, I might venture to say, is designed more as a small gallery of small portraits, or to be more exact, as a record of fleeting impressions caught from the West of Ireland character—as often in exile, confessedly, as in the midst of its native hills.

There is "sorra" need for me here to dwell on either the loveableness or the humorous irresponsibility of this character, on either the whimsical gayeties or the nostalgic mournfulness of these people who were, and are, partly my own people. But in my attempted recountal of these impressions I must confess to a certain compromise. I have again and again, in the matter of the written word, been coerced into

something not unlike a sacrifice of actuality on the altar of literary convention. This has been due, not so much to the consciousness that a "foreignized" and laboriously achieved spelling is as exasperating to the eye as it is exhausting to the mind, but more to the fact that the dialect of one Irish county or countryside is, *more Hibernico,* usually a contradiction of the dialect of its neighboring county or countryside. And further, what is commonly spoken of as the Irishman's "brogue," it must be confessed, is a speech or method of speech much too elusive to be captured and tied down to an inkpot. The imitation brogue, the near-brogue, the brogue which "belaves" a "Quane" might "swape" a flock of forty "shape" inside of a "wake's" time, is a creation peculiar to the vaudeville-boards and the joke-monger's column. It is a speech that is about as common in Connaught and her sister counties as snakes are in Ireland. Even the broadening of the diphthong "ea" into the long "a" is too prone to exaggeration. Yet there are tricks of speech so characteristic and so persistent they cannot be ignored. One, for instance, is the flattening of the dental digraph "th" into something approaching a "d." To write it down always as a

"d" is a somewhat clumsy artifice. It remains, however, the only adequate device for the expression of that quaintly hardening tendency which translates "with" into something so closely akin to "wid." Still another practice is the lowering, the "de-dentalating," of the sibillant, readily recognized in the "smile" which becomes "shmile" and the "street" which must be recorded as "shtreet," though here again the inserted "h" is a somewhat awkward instrument to denote that tenuous rustle of breath with which Erin wafts out its hissing consonant. In the same way, the tendency to express the softened "of" by "av" may not always be entirely satisfying; yet, when it comes to a matter of ink and paper, the resort to it seems the only reasonable avenue out of the difficulty. And beyond this there are many more difficulties, difficulties of idiom, and of mental attitude. And as an excuse for a newcomer's invasion of that land of brogues and accents and intonations, which are as elusive as quicksilver even while they are as penetrating as turf-smoke and as soft as a bog-land breeze, I can only add that it is a field in which there are many anomalies and no finalities.

A. S.

IRISH POEMS

THE PIPE PLAYER

PIPER-MAN, Piper-Man,
Puttin' into Song
Love and tears that make us turn
As we pass along!

Piper-Man, Piper-Man,
Where's your sense av shame,
P'radin' wid unholy noise
Things we'd niver name?

Piper-Man, Piper-Man,
Whin the tears are told,
What have ye t' take the place
Av the things ye've sold?

But Piper-Man, Piper-Man,
Is it, faith, a loss,
Passin' us your broken dreams
Whin your palm we cross?
Givin' us your achin' heart
For the gold we toss?

IN THE TROPICS

(O to be in Ireland wid me youth again,
Half a world from palm-three, half a world from this!
O to be in Ireland, where the coolin' rain
Falls across the green hills like a woman's kiss!)

UP and down the withered turf
Here I pace the ould Parade,
Listenin' to the Tropic surf
Where the Band-stand music brayed.

Here the gintry go and come,
Shlow beneath a milk-white moon
Round as yonder kettle-drum
Throbbin' out its home-sick toon.

Round and round they drift and pass,
Thro' the palms they wheel and roam,
Where the Regimintal Brass
Plays its wishtful songs av Home.

Shlow and stately as the dead,
  On they move from light to light,
Soljer-men in glarin' red,
  Ladies in their ghostly white.

Long I've watched thim as they pass
  Where the sea-wall shmells av musk
And the palm-fronds green as brass
  Whisper thro' the Thrade-swept dusk.

Long I've marked thim come and go
  Where the swayin' lantherns shine,
Where the white electhrics glow,
  Where the Band-stand cornets whine;

Where the trombones pulse and blare
  Wid some shlow and stately toon,
Where the sea-wind shtirs the air
  And the coral beaches croon.

Long I've watched thim here alone,
  Till the palms and music seem
Ghosts av things I've scarcely known,
  Ghosts that thrail across a dream;

And the soft and shleepy Cross,
  Shinin' from its shleepy dome,
Seems to tell thim av their loss,
  Half a world away from Home.

But I've left no Home behind,
  And there's naught beyont the Sea,
Naught av kith nor wimmen-kind
  Waitin' for the likes av me.

Yet I listen, wid the ache
  Av a man who's known his dead,
While the ould toons shtir and wake
  Things I've put beyont me head.

And I watch thim wid a blur
  Creepin' thro' the ould Parade,
Where the cliff-palms wake and shtir
  In the soft and sultry Thrade.

(*O to be in Ireland where the cool rain falls,*
Where the meltin' green shlopes meet the tender light,
Where across the whin the tawney owlet calls,
Where the settlin' grouse-crow tells av comin' night!)

Life I've lived, and Youth I've had,
  Yet no home is home to me:
Faith, I've loved it, good and bad,
  Lane and city, land and sea!

But I sthill must take me way
  To the ends av all the earth,
Fine me port, and drain me day,
  Askin' what the game is worth.

So I watch the gintry walk,
  Heart-sick wimmen white as foam,
Heat-sick faces white as chalk,
  Half a world away from Home.

And I hark the sad ould croon
  Av the swingin' Tropic Sea,
Till the palm and Cross and moon
  Seem but ghosts av things to me.

And I wander thro' a dream,
  And the men I walk beside
Nothin' more than spirits seem—
  And I know me youth has died!

—Died and went this many a year
  With a gerrl they buried deep
Where the hawthorn's growin' near
  And the coolin' lough-winds creep!

O to be in Ireland where that blue lough lies!
O to hear the home-like clap av pigeon's wing!
O to see the bog-lands greet the mornin' skies!
O to be in Ireland, waitin' for the Spring!

But I'll niver more be seein' my ould Home,
Niver hear the ould voice callin' thro' the rain,
Niver see the Headlands flashin' wid their
foam,
And niver win me lost youth back to me again!

CLOIDNA OF THE ISLE

I HAD me bit av hay-land callin' for the scythe,
When who should hurry hillward, wishtful-loike and blithe,
But Cloidna av the Isle, that gerrl av pink an' white,
Wid eyes av Irish blue an' hair as black as night! . . .
I had me hay to mow an' gather into rick,
But when ye talk wid handsome gerrls, och, time goes quick!

"Aroo," says she to me, wid her slow an meltin' shmile,
"I'm lookin' for a man, this many an' many a mile!
"Me hay's all ripe," says she; "whativer will I do
Widout a bit av help?" . . . Bedad, her eye was blue!

Och, what's the use av moilin' till your life's
all done!
An' what's a rick or two, beside a bit av fun!
I swung me singin' scythe thro' Cloidna's fields
o' hay,
An' wid it swung me singin' heart each livelong
day,
An' on me, iv'ry swath, she shmiled wid tender
eyes . . .
Faith, when you're wid a handsome woman,
how time flies!

SPRING IN THE CITY

THERE'S a lad sellin' bird-whistles made out av lead;
There's a Greek boy wid vilet-clumps big as your head!
There's a promise av buds on the patient ould trees;
There's a whisper av Spring in the shmoke-laden breeze!
There's a haze on the house-tops, a croon in the air;
There's a hand-organ throbbin' through Madison Square;
And the childer' are dancin' on cobble and flag,
And the Avenoo's thrilled wid the horn from a drag!

There's a wee sparrow chirpin' as glad as a lark,
And daffodils show in the beds av the Park,

And the gerrls have such posies and pinks on their heads
Ye'd be dreamin' their hats were all hyacinth-beds!
There's a rumble av wheels and the roar av a car,
And the patther av hoofs, and the odor of tar!
And the riveters, high on yon sky-scraper sills,
Are all rappin' and tappin' like wood-pecker bills;
And there's house-windys open and doors slammin' shut,
And there's clatther and dust, and the Divil knows what!

But in faith I would give it, the first and the last,
For wan glimpse av the ould Springs over and past,
For the call av the cuckoo, the peewit's ould cry,
And the purple av moorlands against the ould sky,
And the lough, and the heather, and the valleys av green,
And the old shleepy hill-town without a traneen!

THE HALF-DOOR

THAT whin-bred gerrl in heat or cold
Would iver leave the door swung wide,
Faith, wide as in her home av old
Where hares wanst played and peewits cried.

"Ye're in a throublin' city now,
And och, it seems the city's way
To steal and pilfer, Gawd knows how,"
They told her twinty times a day.

"Faith, I could niver ate nor sleep
Widout a bit av sun," says she;
"For sure at home we used to keep
The half-door wide as wide could be."

That whin-bred gerrl, as gerrls have done,
Full wide and open kept her door,
And thought to find her bit av sun
As home-sick gerrls have thried before.

And faith, there soon went thraipsin' thro',
  Widout a sash or bar to part,
A city lad wid eyes av blue,
  Who left a gerrl wid achin' heart.

Ay, left a girleen av the moors
  Shut in widout her thrace av sun,
And wandered on to other doors
  As other laughin' lads have done.

"At home," she sobbed, "there's half-doors in
  Each singin' heart and cottage wall—
But in the town wid all its sin
  Ye can't be free at all, at all!"

I'LL NIVER GO HOME AGAIN

I'll niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!

FOR I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyont the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their sthreets and turns av starin' brick,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd helt in mind,
  Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
  They all were lost and gone!

And the white shebeen beside the leap
  Where the racin' wathers swirled
And the burnin' kelp-shmoke used to creep—
  'Tis now another world!

And all thrampled out long years ago
  By feet I've niver seen
Are the fairy-rings that used to show
  Along the low boreen!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
  Whin they saw me sthopped their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
  And ghost-like creep away!

And I'll niver go home again!
Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!

NORA

WHY is it, now, me Nora
Will niver shpeak av Hugh?
Will niver pass a joke wid him
The way she used to do?

Toime was that gerrl'd blather
Av Hughie, noon and night!
Now iv'ry time he swings the gate
Her face goes starin' white!

I've spied no row nor ruction;
They meet as friend wid friend;
And still, I'm toldt, he walks with her
Beyondt the boreen's end.

I've done me best by Nora;
That gerrl's as thrue as day,
Wid all her big and wishtful eyes,
Wid all her bashful way!

But white before me turf-fire
  She sits widout a word,
This gerrl av mine who used to sing
  As mad as any bird!

Faith, since she lost her muther,
  I've left that colleen free
To come and go—but times there are
  When men are slow to see!

For wanst I spied her rockin'
  And sobbin, here, alone—
Now, can there be some throuble up
  Her muther might 've known?

CAOCH O'LYNN

OCH, here I am wid arms and legs,
Wid all me thravellin's far from home!
Wid all me curlin' seas to cross
And all me clamorin' world to roam!

Wid all me jiggin', port to port,
Carousin', rovin', round the earth—
But wanst the thing's been said and done,
What's all me mad adventurin' worth?

For here lies little Caoch O'Lynn,
Who's niver fared from bed nor house;
Wid crooked leg and twisted spine,
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse!

He tells me av the thrips he takes;
The landin'-parties wanst he led,
The foreign ports so spiced and fine,
Betwixt the spindles av his bed!

He tells me av the secret thrail
  That leads to some ould Castle stair
Where shleeps a Princess sad and pale
  Wid half a mile av golden hair!

He tells me av Tangier and Fez,
  Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin, lashin' seas
  That iver wait and wave for him!

From Chiny round to Spanish Main
  He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A King of Dreams who's clean forgot
  The crooked back he's left behind!

STORMY EILY

(*Said Kildree Tim: "There's niver words*
Betwixt me wife an' me!
Aroo, we live loike matin' birds,
Widout a peck!" says he;
"Aye, niver a row or ruction, lad,
Me mild-shpoke mate an' I've wanst had!")

SINCE first I've loved me Eily
We've wrangled, walked away,
An' fought an' kissed an' fallen out
An' stormed be night an' day!

Faith, since I've first loved Eily,
On throubled seas I've swung!
That woman's two-thirds made av fire,
An' wan-third made av tongue!

But then she ends in weepin',
An' sobbin' I'm to blame—
('Tis th' fire that makes wan quick to fight
Drives wan to love the same!)

For next she's wrapped me, shmilin'
Like the Lord's own sky above,
In the softest, warmest, maddest arms
That iver ached wid love!

CHILDER'

THEY'RE longin' for a wee lad
Up in Tullagh Hall—
Where niver wanst a cradle was,
An' niver child at all!

They're shpeakin' all in whispers,
They're threadin' on their toes,
An' tin-and-twinty sewin'-gerrls
Is thrimmin' satin clothes!

A deal av fuss an' feathers
Gintry makes, aroo,
Wid all their frightened wimmen-folk
When wan to wan is two!

They've twinty-hundred acres
Hid be jealous wall—
Yet niver throd a little foot
Thro' lonely Tullagh Hall!

But here beneath the ould thatch
Childer' come so fast,
In faith, we put the first t' bed
For room to rock the last!

THE MEETING

I'D niver seen the face av her;
  And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
  And I'd swung in from sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
  The soft and moitherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
  And the ould sea's lonely chune!

It may have all been doomed, in faith,
  For many an' many a year,
That soft and mad and wishtful night
  Without a laugh or tear!

She helt me face betwixt her hands
  And out av wishtful eyes
For long she watched me sunburnt face
  Wid wonder and surprise.

For long against her quiet breast
  She helt me throubled head;
And when I kisst her shmilin' mouth,
  "Ye'll ne'er come back!" she said.

And out she fared to Shela Hills,
  And I swung back to sea:
But och, the ache and loneliness
  That wan night left wid me!

THE GOOD MAN

I

MACKILLRAY was a dour man,
  Workin' night and day,
Thryin' to build a grand house,
  And frettin' life away.

When he'd built his fine house,
  High beyont the furze,
Not a gerrl in Kindree
  Sought to make it hers!

II

Larry was a young de'il,
  Idlin' youth away,
A-pipin' and philanderin'
  And laughin' all the day.

Niver was a colleen
  Trod the Kindree sod
But homeless would have fared forth
  At homeless Larry's nod!

EXILE

IN the dead av the night, acushla,
When the new big house is still,
I think av the childer' thick as hares
In the ould house under the hill!

And I think av the times, alanna,
That we harkened the peewit's cry,
And how we ran to the broken gate
When the piper av Doon went by!

In the dead of the year, acushla,
When me wide new fields are brown,
I think av that wee ould house,
At the edge av the ould gray town!

I think av the rush-lit faces,
Where the room and loaf was small:
Yet the new years seem the lean years,
And the ould years, best av all!

MEMORIES

OF my ould loves, of their ould ways,
I sit an' think, these bitther days.

(I've kissed—'gainst rason an' 'gainst rhyme—
More mouths than one in my mad time!)

Of their soft ways and words I dream,
But far off now, in faith, they seem.

Wid betther lives, wid betther men,
They've all long taken up again!

For me an' mine they're past an' done—
Aye, all but one—yes, all but one!

Since I kissed *her* 'neath Tullagh Hill
That one gerrl stays close wid me still.

Och! up to mine her face still lifts,
And round us still the white May drifts;

And her soft arm, in some ould way,
Is here beside me, night an' day;

But, faith, 'twas her they buried deep,
Wid all that love she couldn't keep.

Aye, deep an' cold, in Killinkere,
This many a year—this many a year!

AT THE WHARF END

YE'LL weep it out, and sleep it out,
  Faith, forget me in a day!
Ye'll talk it out, and walk it out—
  Yis, I'll be long away!

But what a heavin' shoulder this
  To rock a lad to sleep!
Och, me gerrl, that one kiss,
  Ye *knew* it couldn't keep!

Some cry it out, and sigh it out,
  But *we'll* forgit the ache!
Ye'll laugh it off, and chaff it off,
  And learn to give and take!

And that's the gray ship waitin' me—
  Sure, what's the good o' tears!
It's got to be, and ought to be—
  One kiss—for twinty years!

THE RANDYVOO

I

WE see thim thrailin' in and out wid niver wanst a shmile
At Fairy-Thorn or buddin' May that's scentin' many a mile;
I see thim streelin' in and out wid salt tears on their face,
For yon's the Acre av the Dead and thought a dourish place,
Wid gravestones thick as barley tops and yews forninst the wall,
Where leverocks soar and sing so mad, and matin' cuckoos call.

II

And dark it is, in faith, to thim who hold the place in dread,
And dour enough it still may be for thim who know their dead;

But, och, for me 'tis still the home av iv'ry singin' lark
And iv'ry note and hawthorn scent that steals across the dark;
For wanst, where black between the stones the yew tree shadows hung,
I found and knew me first love's kiss, when all the world was young.

THE KELT A DREAMER IS

WID a jorum wanst under me arm, faith, the thought av it
Could warm me almost as though I had drunk down the lot av it!
Me mind could half burn wid the fire av it;
Widout all the sting and the tire av it
I'd swim wid the dream and desire av it!

When down be ould Donnievale Wall I sat waitin' and dreamin'
'Twasn't her when she came; 'twas the watchin' and longin' and seemin'!
'Tis love, says I, but you tire av it;
'Tis only in dream the desire av it
Outstays both the ache and the fire av it!

But now that I've wasted and lived through the last av it,
Aye, now that it's lost, how I dream av the past av it!
For broodin' av Death, and the dire av it,
I'd now face Hell and the fire av it,
For me ould mad youth and the mire av it!

MAC GILLIGAN'S GROVE

OCH, me hearin' is failin' an' me eyesight is bad;
And I haven't a leg for the stratspeys I had,
Nor the tirrl av a bow that I loved as a lad!

Och, me ould head now, sure, 'tis bald to the crown,
An' I walk wid a limp, an' I look wid a frown,
An' me ould bones ache wid the years they have known!

But wheniver I thrail be that bit av a wood
Where the throstles are singin' as wanst, too, I could,
An' other lads stand where wanst, too, I stood;

Wheniver I sniff me the buds on its trees,
Wheniver the May-day's alive wid its bees,
The song of its lark, an' the smell av its breeze;

I shtill see a gerrl an' a shlip av a boy,
(Such sayin's an' doin's, cometherin', coy;
Such moitherin' meetin' an' achin' wid joy)—

They're shpeakin' the same word some other
lad said;
They're draggin' me back thro' the years that
are dead,
An' throublin' an' mixin' me empty ould head!

An' that shtreel av a blatherskite niver is me,
Says I to meself . . . then a gleek av the
bee
An' a trill av the lark an' a shmell av the tree
Says that ghost av a shtreel is the ghost av me!

THE MAN OF MEANS

I'VE got me a tilloch av land;
  I drink me potheen as I may;
I'm ten-and-six-stone as I stand,
  And I thravel to Gleen in a shay!

I've gathered me pittance and more;
  I've feathered me bit av a nest;
And they call me the fr'ind av the poor,
  Me, needin' as much as the rest!

For I'd barther me last stone av meal,
  If wanst through the Ballybree rain
She'd waken and whisper and steal,
  That ghost av dead Moira McShane!

Aye, the lee and the long av it stands,
  That I'd give thim me meadow and bawn,
And me fool av a shay, and me lands,
  For that wisp av a gerrl that's gone!

RIVALS

WID her shmile that is wishtful and sad,
Wid her hand folded close like a wing,
Wid her blue eyes so throubled and wide,
She waits for the letther I bring.

Wid a laugh and a toss av the head
She blows me a kiss from the wall;
But the letther she holds to her breast,
And she's weepin' at nothin' at all!

And she'll sob and she'll brood on a scrawl
From this habbage gone many a year—
While she stabs me wid kisses and shmiles,
But crowns me not wanst wid a tear!

THE TIME FOR LOVE

WHEN the moon was the size av a cart-wheel,
  And as sootherin' soft as cream;
When the lough lay strange wid the night-mist,
  And the down was a sea av dream—

When the voice av a gerrl was music,
  And your own, like a linnet's wing,
Was fluttherin' full av the moonlight
  And the mad glad fire av Spring—

Och, yon was the time for lovin',
  Those moitherin' bantherin' years
When I was a Billy-Go-Fister blade
  And the world was young, me dears!

THE BLATHERSKITE

OCH, never give your whole heart up—take
it from one that knows!
The first may seem a gooldie, but the second's
like a rose,
And kissin' still is kissin', lad, from Antrim
down to Clare,
And the world is full av women—so the divil
take the care!

Aye, kiss away their tears, me lad, and hold
them at a song;
The heart that's lovin' lightest is the heart
that's lovin' long!
So leave the gerrl beyont the hill, and greet the
one above—
*Och, don't be lovin' women, lad, but just thry
lovin' Love!*

WHISTLIN' DANNIE

FAITH, such a whistler was Dannie,
A-chirrupin' all the day!
'Twas more like a thrush on the holm-side
A-singin' its life away!

His thatch stood a sieve for the wather,
And his belly went empty av bread;
But he made his potheen out av Music,
And whistled his throubles to bed!

And divil a man did he care for,
And divil a wife would be take,
And divil a rag had he wanst to his name—
But och, what a chune he could make!

SOFT WAYS

I

ALANNA, what a soft land the Ould Sod
used to be;
The soft lush green o' hillsides, the soft encirclin' sea;
The still and purple moorlands, where the plovers call;
The soft and misty bog-land, the lough and purrin' fall;
The heather on the brake-side, the sleepy fields o' hay;
The Fairy-Thorn and Whin-Bush, the gold Gorse and the May;
The low wall and the roof thatch, so mild wid moss and mold;
The soft cries av the childer', the soft eyes av the ould;
And best and last, the Springtime, all muffled wid the rain:
But never wanst those soft ways for me and mine again!

II

This new land has no soft ways; 'tis mortial hard and stern;
'Tis work and fret your way out, 'tis moilin' iv'ry turn!
Alanna, all the soft things the throubled city sees
Is laughin' gerrls wid soft mouths still swarmin' thick as bees!
And me that's used to ould ways, with nothin' else to find,
I seek me out a soft mouth, and leave the rest behind;
I seek the only soft thing their frettin' streets can hold—
For women in the New World are kind as in the Ould!

OULD DOCTOR MA'GINN

THE ould doctor had only wan failin',
It stayed wid him, faith, till he died;
And that was the habit av wearin'
His darby a *thrifle* wan side!

And twenty times daily 'twas straightened,
But try as he would for a year,
Not thinkin', he'd give it a teether
A thrifle down over wan ear!

It sat him lop-sided and aisy;
It throubled his kith and his kin—
But och, 'twas the only thing crooked
About our ould Doctor Ma'Ginn!

And now that he's gone to his Glory—
Excuse me, a bit av a tear—
Here's twenty to wan that his halo
Is slantin' down over his ear!

THE PHILANDERER

I

OCH, take a shmile and give wan, and meet
a mouth and kiss wan,
And whin ye're off to furrin parts ye'll niver
mourn or miss wan!
But the Divil take those gray eyes I left beyont
the sea!
Sthill, if kissin' wanst was killin'
We'd be dyin' less unwillin'—
But I wonder if that wistful gerrl is waitin'
there for me!

II

Aye, take your kiss and keep it and draw your
latch and leave it,
But niver say the last word or all your life ye'll
grieve it—
The gerrl beyont the wather is the gerrl beyont
your care!

Sure, some other mouth she'll find her,
Wid as sootherin' ways to blind her—
Yet I'm thinkin' av those ould eyes, those gray eyes watchin' there!
And I'm dreamin' av a waitin' gerrl with sea-mist on her hair!

III

If ye are cold wid wimmen, 'tis thrue in law and letther,
They'll lave ye wid their moitherin', and learn to love ye betther!
So niver go the whole lingth . . . but keep your fancy free!
Och, if she'd only been afraid;
If only she'd not clung and sthayed,
That gerrl and all her gray eyes would not be pesterin' me!

IV

Few wimmen love a month long, and most, in faith, a minute!
But when SHE gave her mouth up her pleadin' soul was in it!

A heap av tears and throuble, sure, this kissin'
brings to some!
But niver such a shlip again . . .
And niver such a lip again,
Wid all these calm-eyed wimmen that's kiss
and go and come,
Wid all these laughin' furrin mouths I'm takin'
nothin' from!

THE PEOPLE OF DREAMS

I DREAM av the good days gone,
  Av the luck I still might find;
But the lurin'-most times these eyes look on
  Are the years left far behind!

Aroo, how a Kelt heart clings
  To the Dreamin' and not the truth!
How it harps on the ould good ways and sings
  In the teeth av its wasted youth!

We thravel too early or late
  For the shpot where the sunlight glowed;
And it's niver the place we watch and wait
  That the rainbow meets the road!

MAN TO MAN

YE'LL find two kinds av wimmen, lad,
When ye have aged a bit;
And faix, they're all not good nor bad—
And that's the worst av it!

Ye'll find some wimmen longin' so
For love, lad, if ye would!
Ye know it well, and whilst ye know
Ye can't, and niver could!

And some ye'll kiss who sthill stay cold;
Aye, thim who might and won't—
And thim ye'd walk through Hell to hold,
And love, because they don't!

MESSAGES

IN faith, I knew av wireless talk
  This twinty years and more:
Widout a sign, widout a word,
  As I passed Sheela's door,

That gerrl could send a message clear
  Past iv'ry gapin' head!
Ay, past their ring av watchin' eyes
  I'd know what Sheela said!

I'd read each message sent from her
  At sixty rod away:
"Och, meet me out be Tullagh Hill!"
  As plain as words could say!

"In faith I will!" I'd answer back,
  Wid but wan look or two;
"And all me heart is achin' sore
  Wid all me love for you!"

Or passin' in a side-car,
  Wid all her haughty folk,
Her soul would up and say to me
  As plain as tho' she spoke:

"They pesther me wid watchin',
  They cross me ivry turn,
But soul and body I'll be yours
  This night be Tullagh Burn!"

THE THRUSHES

I

OCH, wee thrush a-thirstin' to sing out
Such music an' sootherin' song,
Such heart-breakin' longin' to wring out,
Such swearin' the world's all wrong—
Faith, all the lone heart that ye fling out
Should be lovin' a whole life long!

II

Oh, wood-thrush, I listen an' listen,
For a song from yon wee nest above.
Since matin' your music I'm missin',
For there's nothin' left out to sing of—
'Tis the lip that ye'll never see kissin'
Is singin' foriver of love!

O'HARA THE BIRD-MAN

TOMORROW they're hangin' O'Hara av Glenn,
For a Fenian or two as was kilt in a fight.
O'Hara the Bird-Man's to hang from a tree
For a bit av a killin' he did over-night!

There's sorra hope left if they're stringin' up lads
Wid a sowl like O'Hara's, that's saying the least—
Och, what a mistake to be hangin' a man
So fond av each little wee birdie and beast!

THE COMETHER

"YE'VE not a traneen, nor a foot like a queen,"
Said Creina to Oonagh McCaulter;
"And I'm thinkin' it queer that twice in wan year
Ye're leadin' a man to the altar!"

She heard Oonagh say in her shleepy soft way:
" 'Tis niver a kiss, nor a sigh!
Nor even a shmile nor a face, be a mile,
But the Come-Hither Look in the eye!"

THE THROUBLE

OCH, why should I think av that shlip av a gerrl,
Av that soft little whisp av a thing?
Och, why should she throuble a ranger like me,
Who's thraveled and taken me fling?

Aroo, and a pea is a mite av a thing,
Tho' shut in your shoe and 'twill shmart!
But a mite av a gerrl will throuble ye more
When she's tight on the tip av your heart!

THE SNOWBIRD

STILL wid his wee ould bosom warm,
Och, mad as hare or hatter,
He pipes and jigs through iv'ry storm—
So *what* can Winter matter?

Faith, laugh and leave your tears behind,
And sing thro' toil and throuble,—
There's still a kind of bein' blind,
That's more than seein' double!

SOUPLE TERENCE

I

I'M wishful to live as the story-books say,
I'm achin' to love as they loved av old;
I want to be drunken and swimmin' in bliss,
And weepin' and sighin' and ravin' away
Loike the old tales said and the old songs told—
But, faith, and how do ye love like this?

II

I've loved in me day, and I'm hopin' to more;
I've taken me chance, and I've stolen me kiss;
But, faith, and I've niver gone mad over it!
The further I've thraveled away from the shore
The tighter I've held on to that and to this,
And, och! but I've had me eye open a bit!

THE SISTERHOOD

I'VE knocked about the Sivin Seas,
  I've thraveled long and thraveled light,
From Cardiff down to Carib keys,
  From Shanghai round to Benin Bight.

From Rotterdam to 'Frisco Bay,
  From Bristol clear to Singapore,
I've swung and sung and had me way
  Wid wimmen that I'll see no more.

In fjord, atoll and harbor town,
  Far North, and far beyont the Line,
I've had thim, black and white and brown—
  And shpeakin' iv'ry tongue but mine!

Aye, kissin' back wid furrin words
  I'd niver know the meanin' of,
And cooin' soft loike shleepy birds
  Wid lips so tired and full av love!

But, white or black or brown, I knew
  Not wanst their hathen tongue or name:
Yet in the end I've found it's thrue
  Most iv'ry woman weeps the same!

THE WAY WID SINGIN'

FAITH, niver the sail calls the frith-wind,
  Nor the turf comethers the rain;
And niver the Fairy-Thorn frets for the spring,
  Or the brae for the summer again!
And niver a boreen can ask for a bird,
  Or beg for a whin-chat's strain!

Not took from me head are these planxties;
  These chunes they are nothin' av men!
They come as the whin-chat comes in spring
  And the grackle-thrush back to the glen!
They come loike the rain to the turf, me lad,
  And the Saints know how and when!

MOTHER IRELAND

A TRUE and dark-eyed Mother Land, ye've
mourned thim day be day,
The childer' av your achin' breast who've fared
a world away!
Be moorland and be lough and whin, ye've
mourned for all your lost,
But still ye've smiled and still ye've watched
and counted not the cost!

And dark, in faith, the ould hours fell and cold
the ashes grew,
But Ireland, Mother Ireland, still ye've waited
fond and thrue;
And now the Night has vanished, wid the sor-
rows it has known,
We'll hear the call av Ireland, lads, av Ireland
to her own!

LOST SONGS

A ROO, but there's singin' I've struck up
Wid niver a note to be heard,
When me heart widout sthirrin' the silence
Shtood by me and sang like a bird!

So if all the ould dreams that escaped me
Were sung to the chunes that got free,
I'd be weavin' ye rainbows av rapture
And shamin' the thrush, ma-chree!

But och, 'tis the birds that are ailin',
Bide close by our coaxin' and sing;
'Tis the music worth housin' and keepin'
Foriver makes off on the wing!

WIMMEN FOLK

TIME was I thought av wimmen, sure,
As made to reverince, limb be limb;
As something holy-like and pure
Thro' all the snow white length av thim!

I dreamed av gerrls as angels, lad,
Wid all their wistful holy ways,
To leave you thremblin' when ye'd had
A word wid thim . . . in oulder days!

But now I've learned me topsail lore
And roved the sea from rim to rim,
I seldom wait and quake before
The soft and snow white length av thim!

For when gerrls love you well, me lad,
They're thrue to naither law nor letther;
'Tis when they're most disheartenin' bad
Ye'll learn to love such angels betther!

THE THROUBLIN' THINGS

FAITH, linnets are a throuble, lad;
They must be screened an' fed,
An' sunned beyont your cabin door,
An' carried back to bed!

Faith, love it is a burthen, gerrl;
'Tis iver give an' take;
Aye, knowin' how ye give too much
An' niver count the ache!

Och, childer,' ma'am, are worrisome,
An' fret an' throuble fall
On wimmen whin their childer' come;
They have no peace at all!

But song an' love an' childer', faith,
These things you're gettin' free,
These things you've held to pest ye so,
Are th' things ye'll find can rest ye so,
Are th' things ye'll mind have blest ye so,
Whin you're as ould as me!

THE OULD WORLD'S WAY

SURE, many's the sailorin' lad
  Went singin' and rockin' free
Out over the Ocean's rim
  As happy as us, machree!
But many's the time, me lad—
  Such ends the ould world brings—
That over the laugh and last av him
  'Tis the sea that rocks and swings!

And many's the boy wid a plough
  Who'd sing at the break av day
As he turned the mold wid his share
  And buried the grass away!
But many's the same lad, now
  That sootherin' greensward won,
And over his gray bones there
  'Tis the grass that sings in the sun!

THE SEEKERS

Says She:

'TIS a long way ye've thraveled, me thrue
love,
'Tis a long thrip ye've made on the sea,
For the sake av a shlip av a gerrl loike me,
For a bit av a kiss
No betther than this—
'Tis a long road ye've thraveled, Machree!

Says He:

'Twas a long way and lone way, Mavourneen,
But it's millions av miles, as He knows,
That a hungerin', wanderin' sunbeam goes
To be gettin' a kiss
No warmer than this
From the lips av no sweeter a rose!

POSSESSION

I

I CAGED me wanst a lark and let him go!
I caught me wanst a squirr'l and set him free!
I left a Galway colleen sobbin' low,
And off I wint to sea,
Aye, off I wint to sea!

II

I've had me turn at things, and now I'm old;
But those I've lost shtand most bewilderin' near!
And those I loved and niver dreamed to hold
I've kept this many a year,
In faith, this many a year!

NOREEN OF BALLYBREE

I SAILED in me fine new hooker
To Ballybree, over the bay,
Where Noreen O'Regen, me ould love,
Is livin' this many a day.

('Twas Noreen took up wid a poacher,
A Ballybree blade called Neal,
Wid niver a ham nor a hare-skin
But what the poor habbage could steal!)

And Noreen I found, faith, wid childer'
As thick as the hairs on a goat,
All squealin' and crowdin' like rabbits
While I showed her me jule av a boat!

"But have ye no wife nor childer'?"
Says she, wid a perk av the head,
(And her bosom as flat as a deck-board,
And her brats all squealin' for bread!)

"Och, sailin'," says she, "may be sailin',
But when it's all shpoken and done,
'Tis us wid our fine homes and childer'
Are livin' and havin' our fun!"

THE PRIDE OF ERIN

SO she says, lad, she'd only take up wid a man
Who was wan av the best, faith, the crame av the clan,
And the pride av the counthry and salt av the earth?
So she's leavin' you, lad, not knowin' your worth,
And she holds she can't mate wid a Kerry like you,
Since she's plannin' to take on wid blood that is blue!
And the Divil go wid her, but couldn't she see
You'd the blood av O'Gorman, Fitzpatrick, Magee?
And the stock that is first in both fightin' and work,
From the line av O'Brien and Kelly and Burke?

—From O'Failey, O'Dailey, O'Reily, O'Neil
To O'Connell, O'Cooney, O'Shea and O'Sheil!

McCaffray, McCurchy, McCarroll, McCann,
All rulers and fighters since fightin' began!
O'Leary, O'Farrell, O'Carroll, O'Kane,
McCormack, McGurly, McManus, McShane,
And Gorman, Fitzpatrick and Fightin' McGirr,
And iv'ry last man av thim betther than her!

So she says you're no betther than Irish, me lad,
But a counthry-bred, swine-drivin' fenian, bedad!
The whiffet! the upshtart! the meal-fed boothoon!
And *could* she be tellin', though fed on a spoon,
The crame av the world from ould Brian Boru?
Faith, how could she *hope* for a Kerry like you?—
With the pride av your sivin ould kings in your veins,
Wid your mother O'Toole, and your sire av McShanes?

Wid your ancistry iv'ry wan wearin' his crown,
From Rhu and O'Brien to Big Holleran down!

—From O'Failey, O'Dailey, O'Reily, O'Neil
To O'Connell, O'Cooney, O'Shea and O'Sheil!
McCaffray, McCurchy, McCarroll, McCun,
McClone and McCoy—and kings iv'ry one!
O'Leary, O'Farrell, O'Carroll, O'Kane,
McCormack, McGurly, McManus, McShane,
And Tagon O'Regen and Mighty McGlone,
The finest av fighters and kings to the bone!

WIMMEN

THERE are wimmen's faces, lad,
That are wind and fire,
Shtirrin' up the whole world,
Wakin' ould desire!

And there's other wimmen, faith,
Calm and shtill through all,
Shtickin' to their wan love
Till the hivens fall!

Wan's as foine as hell fire;
Wan's as thrue as life!
Wan ye'll leave and weep for,
And wan ye'll take as wife!

THE SIRENS

OFTEN in the night-time I can hear thim callin' me,
Callin', callin' shweeter than a woman to her love,
In acrosst the city wid its sthreets av brick and stone,
Wid its roarin' wheels below and thrailin' shmoke above;
Through the crowded places I can shmell the open Sea
And I hear her sirens callin', callin' for their own!

I can wake and hear thim boomin' thro' the harbor rain,
Hear thim thro' the river-fog where yellow lantherns burn;
At the break av mornin' I can hear thim growl and cough,
Till I see the bone-white deck and shmokin' funnel plain,

Till I see the shlappin', lappin' harbor-wather churn
Round the rusty side-plates and the lighters crowdin' off!

Faith, I know then I must go and take the Endless Thrail,
For the shtreets become a throuble and all life becomes a fret
And the city seems a prison built av sthone and stheel—
But there's manhood in the facin', racin' av a gale
Wid the dippin', drippin' hawse-holes and the decks a-reel!
For the Sea is like a woman that you'll ne'er forget,
And she's callin' thro' the night-time, callin' thro' the dawn—
And I'm goin' to know her last kiss before me life is gone!

THE DISCOVERY

THE lee and the long av it now that ye're through
Seems under the sun ye can find nothin' new—
So faith, I'll be whisperin' what ye might do.

Go study some colleen's cometherin' eye,
And whin ye have banthered and blarnied her thry
A flattherin' sadness, a bit av a sigh.

And whin ye have found that she's taken wid you,
Faith, whether ye laugh or whether ye rue,
Ye'll go the same way your betthers all do!

Ye'll come to your sinses, me solemn gossoon,
And drunk wid the wine av some warm night in June,
Ye'll be kissin' her mouth and watchin' the moon!

And under the sun, faith, nothin' is new—
But under that moon ye'll find that it's thrue
There's stranger ould wonders thin iver ye
knew!

THE DANCING DAYS

'TIS a year and a day back to Kindree
Where the gerrls had no shoes to their feet!
'Tis many a mile to the ould town
Where the childer' wanst danced in the street!

Here's bread to be had for the breakin';
Here's moilin' and frettin' and froth!
But thinkin' av Home, how me heart's blood
Must jig like a wave o' Lake Roth!

Av Home, och, where down thro' the ould street
Wid his pipin' went Ragged MacGee—
And faith, how the colleens thrailed round at his heels
And all jigged like the leaves av a tree!

The walls were a tumble av stone-heaps,
  The skim-milk wid wather was thinned,
And the thatch it was broken and moss-grown—
  But we danced like the grass in the wind!

Not worth a traneen was the village,
  But no wan was sthoppin' to fret—
And I'll wager they're goin' like a tree-top today,
  Faith, dancin' and starvin' there yet!

BY THE SEA-WALL

WE should niver have walked to the ould sea-wall
And hearkened the ould grey Sea;
We should niver have watched the Southern Cross,
That new-found love and me!

I should niver have left that bamboo room
Wid its scent and its winkin' lamp
And walked thro' the sthill av the Tropic night
Where the Thrades blew warm and damp!

I should niver have watched the ould tides swim
Wid their shimmerin' glimmerin' glow
That led me back to my lost Thrue Love
And the hills av long ago!

I should niver have turned to think or dream
Av that Thrue Love lost to me,
And the ways I went for my Thrue Love's sake
Who niver my love would be!

And that brown-armed shlip av an Island gerrl
  Should niver have let me go
Where the winds av the East came lashin' up
  And the ould Sea whispered low!

For the wind and the palm and the throubled
    surf
  They tould me as plain as day:
"Ye're kissin' a ghost in a world av ghosts
  And your Thrue Love's worlds away!"

For whiniver I watched the ould sad stars
  I could see but me Thrue Love's eyes—
And the love that has swept and kept a man
  Is niver the love he buys!

So the warmth went out av me wonderin' heart
  And we kissed no more at all,
That gerrl wid the painted mouth and me
  As we sat on the ould sea-wall!

THE EVENING UP

WHIN Shamus O'Regen was sellin' me hay,
And as sheuch-rank as iver was mowed,
He'd seat his gerrl Moira, for such was his way,
On the top av his thimble-rig load.

And he'd bring me his scrapin's av thistle and whin,
And I'd take thim wid niver a word;
But I'd hold for a breath, as the cart jolted in,
Moira's hand, that was soft as a bird.

For Moira was wishtful and white as the May,
And her eyes they would throuble your heart
Till any ould bramble seemed special fine hay
Wid her face at the top av the cart.

Yet me horse and me cattle wint lean as a kite,
Wid their feedin' on Shamus's hay,
And I'd figure me loss to a rick over-night—
But, in faith, I had nothin' to say.

For, Moira and me, we secretly met
At the end av ould Ballybree Wall,
And she gave me the word that soon made me forget
I'd iver been cheated at all!

THE WISE MAN

MICHAEL has a book-shelf
  Stacked amazin' high!
Michael reads in sivin tongues
  Wid a rheumy eye!

Faith, he's called a wise man,
  Readin' half the night;
Delvin' into stoodjous things
  Betther kept from sight!

Michael spends a Spring day
  Squintin' o'er a script—
Michael niver kisst a gerrl
  Warm and rosy-lipped!

Faith, I've studied long, now,
  Wimmen and their ways—
And judgin' where it's took me
  Thim were stoodjous days!

Little rote I've learnt me,
  Little have I read—
But I know a thing or two
  Not in Michael's head!

THE END

WAN touch av lip to lip it seemed
Would ease and end desire;
Wan mad kiss at the most, I dreamed,
Would quench the ache and fire.

When wishtful-eyed she gave wan kiss,
The touch I'd hungered for,
The thrue end, faith, I saw was this:
Not wan, but fifty more!

And heart to heart she gave thim free,
Soft kisses, day by day;
But still some end that throubled me
Stood off a world away!

And while we yearned and ere we learned
We groped to wan gift more;
And havin' that, the end was earned,
And Sorrow shut the door!

THE OLD MEN

THROUGH the noise av the crowded sthreet
  The thrappin's av sable crept;
Where the light av the sun lay sweet
  The black-clothed mourners stept.

And him—who'd feared at the sight
  Av coffin and hearse and sthone,
He'll shleep widout fear this night
  In the churchyard wid his own!

But och, at the sight av his hearse,
  For a breath, how we all lay cold
In the gloom and the clutch and the curse
  Av Death and His drippin' mould!

For a minute our ould backs bowed
  Wid the weight av his graveyard clay:
Then the feelin' passed off like a cloud
  And we wakened and went our way.

Yet faix, now, I'm wonderin' if Death
Deep under the loam and the lorn
Is throubled, in turn, for a breath,
When he's toldt av a child bein' born?

THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'

SAYS O'Curran to me wid a bitthersome eye,
Watchin' the wather that'd flooded his sty,
And blinkin' up into a girlin' moist sky:

"Ochone and me heart is that heavy, me lad!
Aroo, and I'll niver be laughin' again;
For the world holds nothin' but what's gone bad,
And I'm losin' me pigs wid the rain!

And I've worried it out to the bitthermost end;
I see it as plain as the nose on your face.
Och, we go to our grave wid niver a friend—
And I'm tired av this throublesome place!"

Says O'Curran to me wid a shmile and a wink
Afther I'd passt him me bit av a drink,
And he'd studied the sky and shtarted to think:

"Sure, it's fine to be shtandin' and takin' your
ease,
And watchin 'the Hivens fair rainin' wid joy!
Faith, it's good to be livin' on mornin's like
these—
'Tis a laughin' ould world, me boy!

For faith, if wan couldn't be ailin' a bit
We'd niver be feelin' the other way, lad;
We'd niver know joy and be achin' for it,
And niver be jiggin' and glad!"

And he looked out at me wid a chirrupy eye
And I passt him the bottle in over the sty
Where his drown'd pigs pointed their feet to
the sky!

THE OLD HOUND

WHEN Shamus made shift wid a turf-hut
He'd naught but a hound to his name;
And whither he went thrailed the ould friend,
Dog-faithful and iver the same!

And he'd gnaw thro' a rope in the night-time,
He'd eat thro' a wall or a door,
He'd shwim thro' a lough in the winther,
To be wid his master wanst more!

And the two, faith, would share their last bannock;
They'd share their last callop and bone;
And deep in the starin' ould sad eyes
Lean Shamus would stare wid his own!

And loose hung the flanks av the ould hound
When Shamus lay sick on his bed—
Ay, waitin' and watching wid sad eyes
Where he'd eat not av bone or av bread!

But Shamus be Spring-time grew betther,
  And a throuble came into his mind;
And he'd take himself off to the village
  And be leavin' his hound behind!

And deep was the whine av the ould dog
  Wid a love that was deeper than life—
But be Michaelmas, faith, it was whispered
  That Shamus was takin' a wife!

A wife and a fine house he got him;
  In a shay he went drivin' around;
And I met him be chance at the Cross Roads
  And I says to him: "How's the ould hound?"

"Me wife niver took to that ould dog,"
  Says he wid a shrug av his slats,
"So we've got us a new dog from Galway,
  And och, he's the divil for rats!"

SAYS OLD DOCTOR MA'GINN

IF the Diviltry mixed wid Man
  Is leavin' us far from good,
Faith, let us be honest at least, me lad,
  As Divil or Saint we should!

And though few av us walk the path
  That the Holier Men have trod,
To be fair wid the Sinner as well as the Saint
  Is keepin' in touch wid God!

THE FO'CASTLE SAGE

YE'LL watch for the palms thro' the dusk,
And ye'll come to a hill-side av light,
And ye'll sniff at a stray scent av musk
And be stealin' off land'ard at night!

Ye'll be crowdin' past hathen and hoor
And convarsin' wid wimmen, me lad;
And the quicker they seem to allure,
The slower ye'll reason they're bad!

But beware av the bantherin' lip,
And beware av the moitherin' eye;
And beware av the olive-brown slip
That sings as a lad goes by!

And take heed, for the sake av your soul,
Av the song the city may sing;
And beware av the midnight bowl,
And the touch av the trailin' wing!

Stand off from the hive av the Bad;
  Keep back from the drip av the comb;
And take thought av your luck, me lad,
  Wid the whole clean Sea for a home!

For, on land 'tis all throubles begin;
  And your home 'tis on wather and brine,
And not in their harbours av Sin,
  Wid their music and laughin' and wine!

So take heed by what happened to me,
  And if ye're for keepin' from harm,
Stick close to your ship and the Sea,
  Where there's nothin' but wather and storm!

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WE'RE wearin' av the green, boys,
Beneath their English rose;
We're wearin' av the deeper green
That Home and Ireland knows!

The green av holm and bogland,
The green av lough and lake,
The green that takes us back again
And brings the olden ache!

The green av Aran wathers,
The green av Rathlin waves,
The green av all the hills av Home,
And the green av Ireland's graves!

MOISTY WEATHER

THESE, in faith, are Irish days,
Days av rain and days av haze;
Misty, moisty, spit and drool;
Iv'ry street-turn wid its pool;
Iv'ry hedge and thatch a-drip;
Wather, sure, to float a ship!

Not a boreen, not a brick,
Not a road, and not a rick,
Not a throat, and not a sty,
Ye'll find, this day, in Ireland dry!
—And all the hay-crop 's goin' bad,
But what can laugh like wather, lad?

WINGS

I

I TAMED me wanst a wee bird
  Taken from the rain;
I warmed it by me turf-fire
  And it grew strong again.
"And Hiven help," says I, "the cat
That harms a wee soft thing like that!"

No hurt nor harm came to it
  Close behind me wall,
But wan fine day in April
  I heard a wood-thrush call;
And as I watched me startled bird,
Faith, off it went widout a word!

II

I reared me wanst a wee gerrl
  As gentle as the May;
I kept her from the cold world,
  I watched her in her play:

"Gawd help the shtreel who'd iver try
To take that gerrl from me!" says I.

And yestereve I watched her
  Go creepin' through the gate,
And, hidin' like a white hare,
  Beyont the lough-head wait:
And when I spoke, "*I'm off,*" *says she,*
"*To wed the lad who's 'waitin' me*
And matin' me . . . across the Sea!"

THE WIFE

OH, Muther, Muther, sure ye'll mind the madness av it all!
Ye'll mind I had no shmile for him, no eye for him at all!
Och, Muther, I was mad wid love for laughin' Kindree Tim;
I'd given up me sobbin' lips and all me heart to him!
And Shamus was a dour man;
And och, he seemed a sour man;
"And yon," says I, when first I sent him on his way again,
Wid all his sad and patient eyes so clouded up wid pain,
"Faith, yon's a cold man,
And yon's an old man,
And I'm for warrm and laughin' ways, and I'm for lovin' Tim!"

The way wid life and lovin' sure ye'll niver learn at school;
It seldom goes be raison, and it niver goes be rule!

'Twas half wid pity, Muther, half wid pique
at struttin' Tim,
I let dour Shamus speak the word that bound
me up wid him.
Widout a thrill av rapture and widout a throb
av hope,
I took him for me wedded mate—him, solemn
as a Pope,
Ay, him widout a chune or laugh, and wid his
solemn way;
He took me from ye, Muther, and off across
The Bay,—
And och the bitther tears
And the thought av empty years
And sobbin' that I'd rather die than face an-
other day!

I've borne him childer', Muther, and I've been
an honest wife;
We've had our thrials together, faith, our ups
and downs wid life;
I've minded what ye tolt me, Muther, kept me
throubles still,
And bent me way to Shamus's and made his
wish me will—
But here's the wonder av it! Muther, Muther,
tell me why

The mid-day love grows stronger when the
mornin' love must die,
The solemn love grows dearer when the mad-
der love goes by?
For here I'm waitin' like a gerrl to hear me
Shamus call,
Ay, here I'm waitin' for the man who's now
me all in all,
And when I see him throubled sure it cuts me
like a knife—
And faith it's not a sad world,
And sure it's not a mad world,
For I love him, Muther, Muther, och, I love
him more than life!

BARNEY CREEGAN

HERE'S to you, Barney Creegan,
Where iver ye may be;
And Hivin knows ye've thravelled
Be many a land and sea!

We've et and drunk together,
We've known our ups and downs,
We've seen our heap av throubles,
And we've worn our fadin' crowns!

Ye'd steal a kiss, or ham-bone,
Ye'd rob a grave wid joy;
And a shirr'd egg stand's the only thing
Ye'd niver poach, me boy!

Ye're twinty times a blagyard;
Your worldly goods ye've spent—
But rip and thief and ne'er-do-well,
Ye knew what Friendship meant!

And if ye stick to me, still,
As I have stuck to you,
Faith, Barney Creegan, friends we'll be
Until the shamrock's blue!